

BX  
8670.1  
.H365

AUX  
STOR  
1

DANIEL HEINER

A SHORT STORY  
OF HIS LIFE

CHRISTMAS 1929

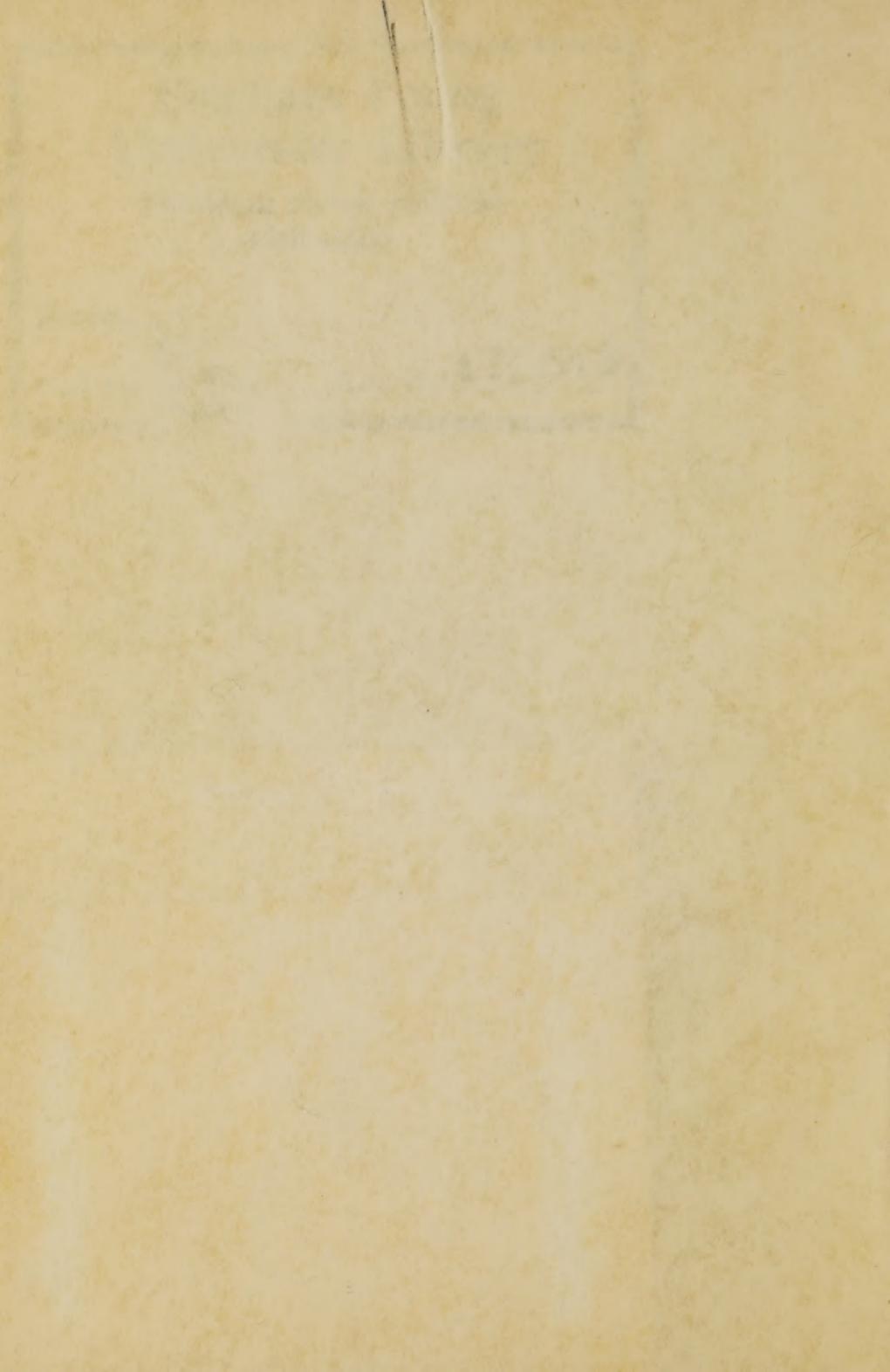
Brigham Young  
University Library

President Heber J. Grant  
Collection

From .....

Call No. *BX 8670.1 H 365* Acc. No. **175614**

As you may perceive, I have had  
a very busy day, and am now  
very tired, but I will write a few lines  
and then go to bed, as I have  
a long day to-morrow.



It gives me great pleasure to present to you  
and family this short story of my life with the  
hope that you will have an enjoyable Christmas,  
and that the coming years may be full of peace,  
prosperity and happiness for all of you.

*Daniel H. Garrison*

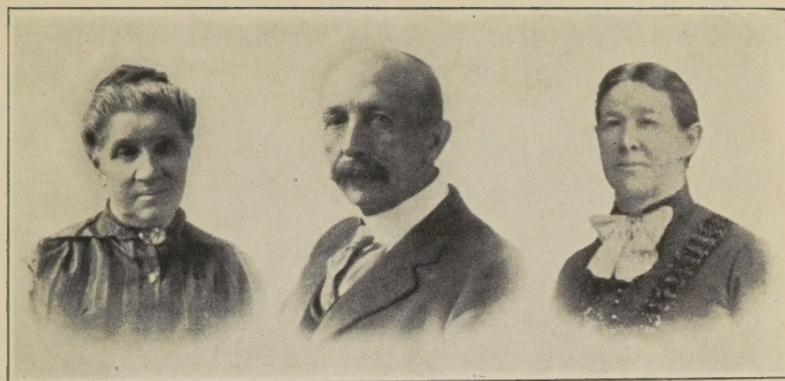
December, 1929



W. H. Smith.

BX  
8670.1  
H 365

Lxx



A Short Life Sketch Written by My  
Own Hand in My Own  
Language.

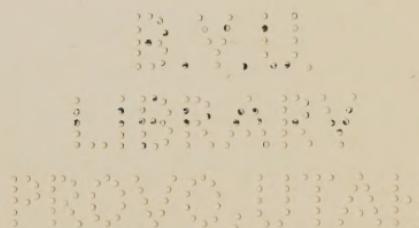
Dedicated to My Descendants With  
Best Wishes.

DANIEL HEINER.

Morgan, Utah,

December, 1929

**175614**





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2022 with funding from  
Brigham Young University



<https://archive.org/details/shortsketchwritt00hein>

# DANIEL HEINER

## *A SHORT STORY OF HIS LIFE*

---

My Father, Martin Heiner, was born March 17, 1818. My Grandfather, Johannas Heiner, was born October 17, 1777. My great-grandfather, Walden Heiner, was born May 23, 1742, and my great-great-grandfather John Jacob Heiner, was born in 1708. My great-great-great-grandfather, Adam Heiner, was born in 1657—all born in Waldorf, Sax Meiningen, Germany.

My Mother, Adelgunda Ditzel Heiner, born June 11, 1815. Her father's name was Michel Ditzel. There was a Stephen Ditzel living in the year 1580. The records trace the family down to her father, Michel Ditzel; all were born in Wasmigon, Sax Meiningen, Germany.

Father and Mother were very zealous in getting their genealogy. The temple work has been done for most of their ancestors as far back as the year 1500. Father and Mother were always in humble circumstances, but they got a lot out of life. Their house was always cheerful and bright and full of inspiration. Father played a German zither, Mother would join him and they would sing for hours. They always had a word of good cheer for everyone that stepped over their door

step. I heard many say that it was an inspiration to go in their home.

They were thorough Latter Day Saints and lived up to the requirements of the Gospel in an honest way. They could quote scripture all day in defense of the gospel. They went through many trials and hardships, but they never complained, and there were many faith-promoting circumstances transpired in their lives; in fact it was wonderful the way they were led by an all-wise providence from the time they were children to their passing from this life. They were indeed of the blood of Israel and many people were made better from them being here. Their direct descendants now number over eight hundred. So far, I have not heard of one who has denied the faith. My brother George joins me in the above statement.

I want to mention one incident in Mother's life that may be of interest to some of her descendants. When she was a girl there was a fortune teller come to her town. A number of her girl friends went to her home and wanted her to go with them to have her fortune told, but she could not go as she had the care of the home, as her mother died years before. The girls went and had their fortunes told and then asked the man if he could tell a girl's fortune that was not there. He said if they would describe her perhaps he could. They

did so and the man stood a moment then said:  
/ "This is a wonderful person; she is different from  
you girls; she is a bright spirit sent from Heaven  
to fill a great mission. She will marry a man  
suited for her. They will cross the deep waters  
to America. The God of Heaven will set up a  
true church in the mountains of that land. She  
and her family will be members of that church.  
She will become a queen in the Celestial Kingdom  
of Heaven." ]

The girls almost forgot their fortunes and  
went in a body to tell mother.

I am very thankful that I always honored and  
respected my parents while they lived. They al-  
ways had a wonderful influence over their child-  
ren.

When I came from the ranch I would always  
go over to see them before I would go to bed.

I wish to insert here a copy of a tribute, also  
a poem to father on his birthday, June, 1890.

These papers were found in father's papers  
for the first time in 30 years.

#### A TRIBUTE TO MY PARENTS

Dear Father and Mother: I want to express  
my gratitude and thanks for a few of the many  
things I owe thanks to you for before it is too late.  
You have been the best parents to me that a son

could have. I want to thank you for teaching me honesty, industry, virtue and reverence for God. I thank you for a clean, strong, healthy body, for straight limbs, for the gift of a powerful intellect and discerning mind, for the guidance and teaching that kept me straight in the days of my youth. For the counsel ever freely given when I asked, for all noble things in your example, above all I thank you for teaching me the true Gospel. I am proud to be born of such goodly parents. I have honored you so far and want to honor you through all eternity. All good things be unto you, God bless you forever.

DEDICATED TO FATHER ON HIS SEVENTY-EIGHTH  
BIRTHDAY—1897

Seventy-eight years ago this day,  
A little lad appeared in a land far away,  
To fill a mission so noble and grand  
That none was greater in all the land.

When some twenty years old he married a lass,  
Whose integrity and wisdom none could surpass;  
They labored and toiled and neither did falter,  
Until they were directed to cross the deep water.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-two,  
Eight little children around them had grew;  
Then it was that the elders came round,  
Oh, how pleasant to them the Gospel did sound.

The message was received with great satisfaction,  
From that day to this there has been no reaction.  
At times when all looked dreary and blue,  
It only made all more faithful and true.

For seven long years they made preparations  
By saving each dollar for the emigration;  
The time finally came for to leave the old home  
And cross the long desert where Indians did roam.

After landing in Utah, the Queen of the West,  
They found it by no means a haven of rest;  
Hardships and trials were met one by one  
Until heart aches and sorrows were hard to o'ercome.

But during all this time it must be said,  
That dear Father and Mother by the Gospel were led;  
During sunshine or storm, in snow or in rain,  
Though their lot was hard, they did not complain.

The good counsel, dear Parents, you always did give,  
Your children will remember as long as they live.  
I trust we will always be faithful and true,  
And follow the noble example in you.

Now, my dear Father, as Mother has gone,  
And you are left here almost alone;  
Try to be cheerful, as far as you can,  
For blessings are waiting on every hand.

May God bless you, dear Father, is the prayer of your son.  
Your salvation is sure when your work is done;  
I assure you, dear Father, that, as far as I can,  
I will follow the example you set to all men.

I rejoice in the Gospel and promises given,  
That we will be united forever in Heaven;  
May the angels watch over you day and night,  
So your last days may be cheerful and bright.

(Your most obedient son, Dan)

A brief statement of Father's and Mother's family: They had eleven children, four boys and seven girls. Four were born in Germany, one in Baltimore and five in Pennsylvania, one in Utah. Mary, their eldest, was born the 28th of July, 1819, in Germany, married A. E. Hinckley, 1862. Seven children were born to them, three boys and four girls. She died October 11, 1879, at St. George.

Amelia, born February 20, 1842, in Germany, married George Andrews Black, July 31, 1865. Nine children, four boys and five girls. She died 11th of June, 1903, at Grace, Idaho.

John, born July 2, 1843, in Germany, married Sarah Jane Coulam March 23, 1867. Died January 12, 1868, at St. George. One girl born to them.

Anthony, born July 24, 1844, in Germany. Married Lucinda Henderson September 16, 1865. Seven children, four boys and three girls. He later married Sarah Morris, six children, three boys and three girls. He died February 22, 1926, in Morgan.

George, born March 26, 1846, at Baltimore, married Mary Henderson December 22, 1866. Six children, two boys, four girls. She died May, 1882, at Morgan. He later married Jane Taggart. Six children, three boys, three girls. At this writing, George and Jane are living.

Elizabeth, born April 4, 1848, in Pennsyl-

vania; married Thomas Grover February 10, 1865. Six children, three boys and three girls. She died August 6, 1882, at Morgan.

Daniel, born November 27, 1850, in Pennsylvania; married Martha A. Stevens and Sarah J. Coulam Heiner, March 31, 1873. Nineteen children were born to them, thirteen boys and six girls. Sarah died April 29, 1918. Martha died April 21, 1926. June 20, 1928, married Minnie Barbara Wheeler.

Susana Catherine, born October 15, 1852, in Pennsylvania. Married Jos. Wm. Ovard, June 28, 1875. Three children, two boys and one girl. She later married Perminno Jackman. One boy born to them. She died October 28, 1923, at Teton, Idaho.

Emma Ann, born August 17, 1856, in Pennsylvania. Died December 3, 1865, at Morgan.

Rachel, born September 16, 1858, in Pennsylvania. Died September 14, 1863, Salt Lake City.

Eliza, born October 22, 1860, Bingham, Utah. Died December 6, 1865, at Morgan.

Three of the children died young. The other eight married and had families. They lived honest, clean, virtuous lives, true to the faith. Their descendants are a credit to the church and state.

My wife, Martha, was the daughter of Roswell Stevens and Mary Ann Peterson Stevens. She

was the grand-daughter of Charles S. Peterson, first bishop in Morgan county and a Navoo pioneer, first probate judge in the county and highly respected by all who knew him.

Speaking of Martha's father, I found an item in the Stevens record down at Holden, southern Utah, where two of his brothers lived, stating that during the Echo Canyon war, one night word came to camp that some United States soldiers were coming down Echo. The commander asked for volunteers to go up the canyon about a mile on a high peak to see what they could learn. Roswell Stevens said he would go and another man agreed to go with him. The night was very dark but when they were ready to start a light appeared about ten steps ahead of them and led them all the way to where they were told to go. I was glad to learn that he had such favor with God.

Martha was born December 14, 1855, at Peterson, Morgan County. Her father was also a Nauvoo Mormon and one of the Mormon Battalion. He turned out to be what you would call a mountaineer. When anyone moved within two or three miles of him, he would move up the canyon farther. The result was, that the family got practically no schooling, only what the mother taught them. She was a typical pioneer mother and a noble woman.

Martha was the first white child born in Morgan County. When I found her in the mountains of Echo at the age of sixteen she was like a timid fawn, and it was not long until she won my heart. She proved to be one of the finest wives and noblest mother that ever lived. She is the mother of thirteen children, nine boys and four girls, all living, all married and with families. She was a home mother, kind to her children, a neat house keeper and a splendid cook, always at peace with her neighbors, a very gentle kind woman. She was counselor in Stake Relief Society board for a number of years. She was dearly loved by all who knew her.

My wife Sarah was also a very kind, noble, good woman. She was the daughter of John Coulam. Her mother died when she was four years old. She was born in England, January 19, 1845, came to Utah in the early fifties. The Coulam family are a very good lot of people, highly respected, both in church and state. Sarah was a dear good wife and a splendid mother. She was mother of seven children, four boys and three girls, all living, all married, and with families.

In order that all might know more about these good women, I am going to insert the minutes of the funeral services held at Martha's passing April 24, 1926:

## MINUTES OF FUNERAL SERVICES

held over the remains of  
MARTHA STEVENS HEINER  
wife of President Daniel Heiner

*Born December 14th, 1855*

*Died April 21st, 1926*

AND

SARAH J. COULAM HEINER

*Born January 19th, 1845*

*Died April 30th, 1918*

## Our Mothers

Have gone to meet their Lord;  
It's a step we all must take  
To earn that great reward.

They have passed all earthly sorrow,  
They are free from grief and pain,  
But if we mourn they too will mourn;  
It's up to you that here remain.

Funeral services were held in the North Morgan Ward Chapel at Morgan, Utah, on Thursday, May 2nd, 1918, at 2:00 o'clock P. M. The house was beautifully decorated and the casket was hidden with floral offerings.

The services were conducted by Bishop James A. Anderson. The musical numbers were as follows:

“Come, Come Ye Saints”.....	Ward Choir
“My Father Knows”.....	E. E. Anderson and Choir
“Face to Face”.....	James Austin
“O My Father”.....	Joseph M. Anderson
“O Dry Those Tears”.....	Miss Bertha Cook
“The End of the Way”.....	Miss Irene Anderson and Choir

The speakers were the following:

Bishop James A. Anderson, present Bishop.

Bishop O. B. Anderson, former Bishop.

Bishop Alonzo Francis, neighboring Ward Bishop.

Daniel Livingston, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Frank Pingree, Coalville, Utah.

Joseph Coulam, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Patriarch George W. Larkin, Ogden, Utah.

These men dwelt on the life of sincerity and devotion of the deceased; told of her faithfulness in pioneer trials and life, also of her continued desire to work and assist in some capacity. Special mention was made of her life as a living testimony and love of the hymn, “Come, Come Ye Saints.”

A very beautiful part of the services was the marching of twenty granddaughters from the chapel to the cemetery, leading the cortege and carrying the floral offerings.

The grave was dedicated by Henry Coulam.

The services were very impressive.\*

\*We are sorry that more complete minutes were not taken of these services. These brief notes were made by Heber J. Heiner following the funeral, for his diary.

*The following is a minute copy of the funeral services held for one of the faithful daughters of Israel, beloved by all who had the privilege of coming under her wonderful influence. She was an inspiration to all who knew her and now that she has been called home, we say,*  
“God rest thee in Peace,  
Aunt Martha Heiner.”

The services were opened by the Choir singing  
“COME, COME YE SAINTS”

Brother Albert Hooper gave the following invocation:

Our Father who art in heaven: We, Thy children, come before Thee this afternoon to show respect and love for one of our brothers, Brother Heiner, and to his good wife who has been called home to the heavens. We ask that while we are here Thou wilt let Thy Spirit be with us. Bless those who speak that all that they say will be beneficial to us gathered here. We thank Thee for the assurance we have that if we are faithful, as she was faithful, we can go on and be united together when we have finished our life here on this earth.

Bless us all, especially those who are left and who look unto Thee for the things which they need to comfort them, that Thy spirit may be with them in their comings and goings, that Thy spirit may be with us always, I ask, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen."

Brother E. E. Anderson, assisted by the Choir, sang that wonderful, inspiring song:

**"SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND"**

Brother G. S. Heiner spoke a few words to represent the family, and the love and devotion expressed by Sylvester came from the depth of a heart filled with devotion for a Mother of the other half of a family living the law of Celestial Marriage. This talk alone bespeaks volumes for the wonderful spirit which has been called home to its Maker.

"My Brothers and Sisters: You can all appreciate my position here today. It is only for the love of Aunt Martha and the call of duty that I try to represent our side of the family. Ellen Young Jackson says that a woman who creates a home and sustains it, and under whose care the children are influenced to become honorable men and women, is a creator second only to God! That is the way we held our two Mothers—second only to our Father in Heaven."

Aunt Martha was born in Peterson, on the 14th day of December, 1855, being the first white child born in Morgan County. Her father was a member of the Mormon Battalion. He was a pioneer and spent his life in the cause. Father met Aunt Martha in Echo Canyon and married her and my Mother on the same day, March 31, 1873. He had only two dollars in his pockets at that time and he paid that for the marriage ceremony.

He came back to Morgan with these two noble women and they lived that higher law of Celestial Marriage for forty-five years with never a break, never a quarrel; just love throughout both families. Before my Mother was called home she made this request, that Aunt Martha prepare her and her clothes for burial, thus showing in the last moments of her life the great love and esteem she held for Aunt Martha.

During the ranching season, one Mother would go to the ranch and take care of the milk and butter and the other would stay at Morgan, making clothes and preparing for both families with the same impartial affection. The following season they would change places. When the time came for the boys to go to Logan to school, Mother went there and kept a home for the older boys of both families and the rest of us went under Aunt Martha's care while Mother was gone. Aunt Martha never said one cross word to one of our family.

When Aunt Martha lay on her death bed the words of Cato that were uttered to Plato came to me when he said, "It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well, else, why this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality? Why shrinks the soul back upon itself and shudders at the thought of annihilation?" I am thankful for the testimonies which Father and our Mothers have instilled into us. Aunt Martha stirs the shadows of this night, her spirit shines like a star to us that are left here behind. May we keep the law in the home that our two wonderful Mothers have left, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Brother Alonzo Francies, one who has known Aunt Martha for years, was the next speaker, and the following was taken from his remarks:

"I assure you that I esteem it an honor and pleasure to stand here in my feeble way this afternoon, and say a few kind words of the great life and mission of Aunt Martha. My heart goes out to the family in the loss of such a dear, good soul.

"When I think of Aunt Martha, of our friendship for so many years, these words, uttered by our Lord, come to me: "In as much as ye have done unto the least of mine, ye have also done it unto me!" Those words will inspire for many, many years to come. If I have ever met a woman who lived these words, it was Aunt Martha. I know that

everyone loved and reverenced her and her influence for good made everyone that associated with her better. The flowers make me think that she is a woman whose life has been so devoted to the work of God that nothing could be too good for her; no flowers could repay her for the great mission she has filled in this life.

“I bear testimony to all here that she has gone to a higher and greater life, to rest exalted and live in the Celestial Kingdom of God. I say to you children and to all, if you desire to go where she has gone you must live as she has lived. In the Kingdom of God there are three heavens, and if a man desires the higher, he must live the new and everlasting covenant of marriage.

“Aunt Martha still lives; she has just passed into a greater world than this, and she is happy. May everyone of her children so live that it may be said of them as of her, that they may receive this blessing. This I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.”

Sister Bertha Porter sang:

“O DRY THOSE TEARS”

Silence reigned as C. M. Croft, son-in-law, took the stand and the following is a part of his talk:

“I trust that I may be blessed with the spirit of the occasion and that we will more fully

realize the real change of death. It takes us from this life into a greater and more grander life. There is a real sadness in the parting, no matter how long in years they remain with us. We always grieve at the parting because we always lean on them. It is to Mother we go in trouble and she always starts us afresh.

“ ‘There’s not a word, no, not another  
That means so much as just “Mother” ’ ’

“My testimony to you is that Aunt Martha in all her life and character stood for all that the word means. Her life was one of real service and sacrifice. It is to that noble band of men and women of her kind that we owe all the comforts and blessings and beautiful homes that we are enjoying. She thought always of others and never of herself, never complaining but battling on, lifting burdens from other shoulders and placing them quietly on her own. She worked quietly, never made a great noise. She did not accomplish things in that way. Most great things are done quietly. We think of the mighty crack in the thunder bolt and yet, it cannot compare with the power of gravity that holds together the whole universe.

“The greatest influence in all the world, outside of God, is the influence of Mother. When

I see a noble soul like that of Aunt Martha leave us, I think of these great words of Lincoln's:

“We have come to dedicate this battlefield as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives”

“She has fought a noble battle and so I say, it is for us to carry on the work she thus far so nobly advanced!

“What a wonderful mission for a woman to come into this world and bring thirteen children here, rear them and see everyone of them have families! We could not say or do anything that would not be merited by her splendid life and example. Aunt Martha has earned a great reward, to go on forever and ever and have an eternal increase. I want to say to the family, be cautious and careful in the way you live if you desire to be re-united with your Mothers throughout all eternity. God bless the memory of Aunt Martha.”

Brother Joseph Fernelius rendered a beautiful solo:

“SILENT VOICE”

Howard Randall, President of the Morgan Stake, was the next speaker:

“My Brothers and Sisters—I deem this an honor to say a few words today. We can see the number of people present today and it speaks of the respect that is given Brother Heiner and Aunt

Martha. I have had the privilege of calling at their home several times. In fact, many times I have gone from High Council meeting and spent with she and Brother Heiner the short time between meetings. Brother Heiner was President of this Stake for twenty-three years and two months and I know that both he and Sister Heiner's lives were marked for their readiness to forgive always.

"There is no greater mission in this world than for a woman to become a Mother. Live in this life so that you can feel you have served God. Brother Heiner's family are all good, honorable men and women, and they serve their God. I have worked with Brother Heiner, and also his sons, and not one of them have ever betrayed me in any way, shape or form. They have done all they could for their Mother, and I say, may the Lord bless and comfort them."

Miss Mary Fisher rendered a violin solo.

Sister Alice Spackman spoke a few words of commendation and gave a few incidents and characteristics of the good life of Aunt Martha.

"My Brothers and Sisters, I hope that you will help me with your silent prayers.

"I wish I had the language of a poet to express what is in my heart today. I loved this dear woman whom we have met together to do honor to. I have worked with her in so many ways and

each time I met her it seemed that I loved her more and more for her noble character. She had a heart of gold. She never thought of herself, but of others, and she made a wonderful home. She was a perfect Mother; she taught her children and led them in the paths of virtue and righteousness. She was brave.

“The children loved their Mother. I thought, while gazing upon these beautiful floral offerings, ‘they did not wait until their Mother was dead before they gave her flowers!’ They loved her and they love their father. I say, what a beautiful thing it was to see her and Brother Heiner go down through life together; surely their union was created in Heaven. We can’t give Aunt Martha all the praise, for Brother Heiner has been a wonderful Father. I have watched him struggle to give his children a chance in life that they might be among the first of the land. May the Lord bless him and comfort him and give him peace.

Beautiful life full of beautiful deeds  
Joyfully toiling for others’ needs.

“That was Aunt Martha. May God bless everyone of us that we may be able to go where this dear sister is going and meet her on the other side —let’s help each other over the rough places. I pray for these blessings in the name of Jesus Christ.”

Miss Melba Douglas sang the solo:

“MY TASK”

The following was taken from Bishop James A. Anderson's remarks and the profound silence that followed was a testimony of the feeling he put into his words and the beautiful thoughts he conveyed.

“This is an occasion which, it seems, the greatest sadness and bereavement is blended with a perfect joy and satisfaction. Sadness because of the parting with one who has been so dear to us, joy and satisfaction in the knowledge, the absolute knowledge, that this dear Mother has filled the measure of her creation and has gone to a place prepared for her. This is the consoling thought in which Brother Heiner, and the rest of us, take joy and satisfaction in.

“Like Brother Sylvester, it is hard for me to talk upon this occasion, for Aunt Martha was more than a friend to me—she was a Mother. I was requested to speak, and I must, and, too, I must be brave as I told Brother Heiner to be. I asked Brother Heiner what I should say, and he said: ‘Tell the children that if they want to be with their Mother again they must follow her example and teachings.’

“I heard the remark, ‘I wish I could have done more; I wish there was something I could

have done, for it seems as though I did not do all I could have done.' That is what I said and then the spirit of the Lord said to me, 'There is plenty left for you to do. While she was here you had a chance to do some material things in a material way, but there is much more left to do to please her more than anything in a material way could have done.' We will live with her again if we live as she taught us by example and precept.

"If, when we leave this existence, we can go with her and be what she intended us to be, we will please her more than anything in a material way we could have done for her here. The thing she wanted her children to be and all others who had the opportunity of knowing her, was that they live so that when they are ready to go beyond, they can be where she will be.

"Did she do anything great in this world? I say, did Kings and Queens do anything nearly so great? She and Brother Heiner will stand in the Celestial Kingdom of Almighty God. There is nothing short of God and his Kingdom that can compare with it. They have lived the Celestial law and they can go on forever. Remember this, boys and girls, what our Mother has done will not get us into the Kingdom of our Heavenly Father unless by her influence we fit and prepare ourselves to go there. Remember, the architects and

builders do the very best they can with materials sent to heaven by every mortal man. Whatever we do is going to reflect credit or discredit to the life and honor of our dear Mother. We have loved her with all our heart and 'When the Master Referee scores against your name, it won't be whether you've won or lost, but how you've played the game!'

"And that dear helpmate, Aunt Sarah! It seems to me that when God could not be here, He sent just such wonderful Mothers as Martha and Sarah to take his place. Such wonderful character is the personification of a perfect disposition.

• "Let me say that this whole community owes a wonderful debt of gratitude to that kind and faithful President of ours who served for twenty-three years. No man ever came here that was better than he. He has been my inspiration in every way and when I wanted to know what was best to do, when great problems beset my path, the inspiration of my Heavenly Father told me to go to President Heiner. My success depended on him.

"It may seem that we have won the victories of life and a passport into the haven of rest by having had such a wonderful Mother, but boys and girls, let me say what we may think or what we may say does not change the truth one bit; if we wish to go where Mother is and where Father

will go, we must do the things that President Heiner tells us and follow his example or we will fail and will never reach the goal we so much desire to gain."

Bishop E. E. Anderson's closing remarks:

"I think a great many of us have had the experience of graduating from High School and we know the feeling of happiness and of things well done. I think Sister Heiner now can look upon this semester with that same feeling of joy that comes to one who knows that a great task is done well. That feeling of sadness which comes when we know that we must leave some of the associations and surroundings that are dear to us, must also be hers. I am proud of the life she has lived and I am glad that she has been a member of this Ward and that I can number her among my friends.

"What shall we do to make a success of our lives? We are anxious; we have our lives before us and we want to get all the happiness and sweetness out of them, and I want to tell you that Aunt Martha is showing the way, the only way of joy, happiness and satisfaction; it is the only road that will bring us what we seek. Love is the only thing that matters in this world—love your friends, humanity and be loyal to your family, be willing to co-operate.

"We do owe a debt of gratitude to Brother

Heiner and we will express it. I know that the family, as I, feel that wonderful joy and satisfaction that comes to one who knows that a loved one has lived a righteous life and is going to a just reward.

“We have had a wonderful program today. How wonderful it is to have your old friends come and speak and sing, they that have known you and can do these things from their heart. I pray that the Lord will bless this family and especially Brother Heiner, and I do it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.”

The Choir then sang that sublime hymn:

“OH MY FATHER”

after which Mary Chadwick, Relief Society Stake President, offered the closing prayer:

“Our Father, who art in heaven; at the close of this service we thank Thee for Thy spirit which has been with us and for the counsel and advice given to us by Thy servants. Help us to profit by it, and make it part of our lives. We pray, O Lord, that Thou wilt be mindful of Thy servant, President Heiner. Grant unto him every blessing that will add to his comfort and happiness while he remains with us. Go with us to the cemetery and assist us in performing the last sacred rites for our beloved sister.

“May no harm come to us, and may we do nothing which will be displeasing unto Thee. Help us to live the Gospel as we should do, and to be worthy of the many blessings we receive. These blessings we pray for in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son. Amen.”

Brother Heber J. Heiner dedicated the grave.

### PRAYER

“Our Father which art in heaven: It is in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, that we approach Thee again in prayer, surrounding this spot of ground chosen and prepared as a resting place for the mortal body of Mother, and we humbly ask Thee to let Thy protecting influence be here, so that the elements of nature, or any insect of whatsoever name or kind, may not disturb, that Mother may rest in peace and quietude until Thou shalt see fit in Thy wisdom to call her forth in the morning of the resurrection, reuniting her body and spirit, that she may live again.

“Father in Heaven, we do thank Thee for her life, her patience and wonderful example, and, according to the knowledge we have of the Gospel, Mother has kept the law which entitles her to a place in the Celestial Kingdom of God, and if we as children would be with her when our mission is filled, it will be necessary that we live the law,

which entitles Thy children to enter into that kingdom. In view of what we know and see, the minds of mankind crave that which is new, but the same thing rehearsed very frequently profits us. And now, just a word to you, Mother, in view of the many expressions of truth rehearsed to us this day: We, as thy children, together with Father, make a covenant with you in the presence of these witnesses gathered here, that we will obey the law of the gospel, as taught us by you, so that when our life's mission is done, we may join you in the Celestial Kingdom of our God, to enjoy each other in the eternities. Now, Father in Heaven, may we, whether here, at home or elsewhere, frequently turn our faces toward this spot of ground, remembering our covenant, and may this be an anchor to each of us, to keep us in the path of duty.

“We now ask Thee to bless Father, that he may be comforted through the influence of Thy Holy Spirit; be blessed with good health and live with us long as he desires. So, without further words to Thee, as Thy son, bearing the Holy Priesthood, I do dedicate this spot of ground, together with the body of Mother, unto Thee, in humility and in the name of Jesus Christ, even so, Amen.”

Daniel Heiner, son of Martin and Adelgunda Ditzel Heiner, was born November 27, 1850, in

Franklin County, Pennsylvania. Lived there with the family until April 12, 1859, when the family started for Utah; traveled to Pittsburgh with team and wagon. There is where I saw the first railroad train. From Pittsburgh we sailed down the Ohio river on a lumber boat, having to sleep on lumber piles. We stopped at Cincinnati long enough to see father's sister, the only relative we had in America. We stayed on the same boat down to St. Louis, from there we were transferred to a steamboat on which we came up the Missouri river to Council Bluffs. A few miles west of the river a camp was established for the saints. Teams and wagons were brought there preparatory to start over the 1000-mile plain. After staying there three weeks we started on the long tiresome journey with a wagon, one yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows.

There were ten children, father and mother, making twelve in all, and all of this world's goods that the family had was put in the wagon. The result was that all that could walk were compelled to walk all the way. I was eight years old and walked the entire way. We would get very tired, but when mother would bake a dodger for each of us on a buffalo chip fire, we would soon get rested and would be ready to play games. It was surely wonderful how happy all would be, with all the hardships they had to go through.

We arrived in Salt Lake City, September 16, 1859. After staying on the camp ground three days, Angus Cannon persuaded father to go out to a small herd house about twenty miles from Salt Lake City and about two miles from the mouth of Bingham Canyon. The house had a dirt floor, no windows or doors, and dirt roof. The wagon was put near the house so that some could sleep in it. The fire was made in the middle of the house and many times we were driven out by smoke.

The day after we came to this place, we children found some castor oil beans in the corner of a small lot that was fenced in. We didn't know what they were but they tasted good and we ate a lot of them. I can never forget that night. The next day it would have taken two of us to make a shadow.

At this time four of the children, the older ones, found employment at Daniel H. Wells' in Salt Lake for their board and clothes. In the little herd house the rest of the family went through some very trying times, living on bran bread part of the time with nothing to help it down, only when we could get a rabbit or hare. Many times father and I would dig half of the night to get a hare out of a hole. I remember one day two men came to the house and asked if they could fry some meat on the fire as it was raining hard. As the meat

was frying a piece fell in the ashes and they threw it out in a puddle of muddy water. I got my sister to stand in the doorway so they could not see me, and I got the meat and ate it. I was so hungry that it seemed the best meat I ever ate.

The next summer I learned to shoot and the family fared better, as I would get two or three hares a week. The second winter we were at Bingham, a man on the Jordon got father to take a small herd of sheep, and while out herding them I got my heels frozen so bad that the flesh came off, exposing the bone and cords. I had no overshoes and very poor shoes, and it was months before the flesh grew on my feet again. I suffered very much pain and mother often cried seeing me suffer.

In the spring of 1862 we moved down about five miles west of Salt Lake City, out in the grease wood and alkali. Father and Anthony worked like slaves for two summers to raise some grain, but did not succeed in raising one bushel on account of water and alkali.

During all this time I was herding some sheep that belonged to other people for nothing as they did not pay their debts. That year and a half was the most lonesome time of my life. There were so many wolves that I had to keep the sheep right together and then sometimes they would break in and run a lone sheep out and kill it before I could

get close enough to chase them away. When they killed a sheep I would cry for two days. When it was cold the sheep would run for miles before they would settle down and eat. Many times I was so tired I could hardly get home. In the summer it would be so hot that the sheep would lay down and I would sit down and play mumble peg with an old broken table fork that I packed with me. In the afternoon I would watch the sun for hours and hours and it seemed it would not move. When a sheep would die, I would pull the wool off and take it home. Mother would card it, and then she would sit up at night and spin it into yarn. In the winter father would weave it into cloth to make clothes for the family.

During those four years of severe hardship, Daniel H. Wells proved to be a friend in need. He had a four-spring wagon with a white top. He would send that wagon about every five weeks with a sack of flour and perhaps a little sugar or a few beans. We could see the white top five miles away, and we would welcome it to our little cabin door almost as much as we would an angel from heaven.

Daniel H. Wells was one of God's noble men. He and Thos. Grover, Senior, Ezra T. Clark and Angus M. Cannon took a lot of interest in me when only a boy. I never will forget how they would sit by the fire in their homes and talk to me for

hours. They did a lot to help me to be a better boy. I will ever remember them. They were all very good men.

In December, 1863, we moved to Morgan. I will never forget the night father, one sister and I as we came up the canyon with two yoke of oxen and a load of things, there was about six inches of snow. It was after dark, but the moon was shining. On this side of Devil's Gate we had to cross the river. The ice was frozen out about ten feet on each side of the river. We got the oxen and wagon over the ice but when they came to the ice on the other side, the oxen started down the river. I did not want father to get wet, as it was a very cold night. I jumped from the top of the wagon into the river. There were large, slick rocks in the bottom. I stumbled over them until I was wet all over, but I succeeded in turning the team and wagon around and came back up and got them over the ice and out on the road. My clothes froze on me, and father thought sure I would freeze to death, but I ran up and down the road to keep from freezing until we got to Mountain Green to a house where they had a big fire in a fire-place and I stood by that fire until my clothes were dry. I did not take cold.

The morning we started for Morgan, when we were about three miles on the way we came to

a deep slough that was frozen over, with snow on the ice. When we got the oxen and wagon on the ice it broke and we got a real ice-water bath.

That was my introduction to Weber Valley. We arrived at Morgan that evening. I was thirteen years old that day.

We were taking care of a small lot of sheep, and brought them to Morgan with us, a very risky thing to do, as we had no hay, but the country was covered with virgin grass. The wind had blown the snow off the top of the mountain, and my brother Anthony and I took the sheep up on top. We had no tent, but we took the old wagon cover that we brought across the plains, straightened it across a low cedar limb and used that as a bedroom, built a fire outside. One of us would come down once a week and get bread and a jug of home made molasses. We had an iron kettle we would melt snow in until we had about two quarts of water, sweetened with molasses. We would toast bread by the fire then put it in the kettle and have water toast. We lived on that for three months.

In the summer of 1864 the North Morgan canal was taken out and we cleared about eight acres of land and raised some good wheat and potatoes, which was a blessing to our family.

Up to this time I had not seen a school room. The winter of 1864 and 1865 we had school, taught

by Jos. Dark, for six weeks in a log house twelve by fourteen feet, with a dirt floor and roof. The following winter a school taught by Fred Bunn for four weeks was all we had. In 1866-7 a man came from the east by the name of Wolcott, who taught school two months. He wore a white shirt and a silk hat two stories high which was a sight for us boys. The next winter was no better. In all, I had less than six months' school but I was studying at home every night. I went through Ray's third arithmetic book. The next year a rock school house was built, 20 by 30 feet. I was away working on the Union Pacific Railroad the winter of 1869 and '70, 1871 and '72 the trustees persuaded me to teach school the second year. I had one hundred and eleven students from ABC to fifth reader. I had the good will of parents and children.

During the time from 1864 to 1872 we got more land under cultivation. All worked very hard. I would walk out two miles to Pine Canyon every morning after horses and again at night after cows, and work on the farm during the day. There were no meat shops in those days. In 1865 in November, there came a deep snow. Father asked me if I could go out and try to get a deer. I said, "Yes, I will try." I started out toward Pine Canyon. I overtook Ephraim Robison and Ben

Smith about half way. They were men, and I was a small boy. Ben Smith turned around and said, "You damn little snot, what are you tagging us up for?" I told them they could go up either canyon and I would go up the other one. I walked all day in the snow, crossed a high mountain when night was coming on. I had not seen a deer track, but just as night was on me, I came on seven deer, and was fortunate enough to kill two fine fat bucks. I was six miles from home. I dressed them, put snow inside and started for home. When I got to the mouth of big hollow, I went into a man's stable and took out a mule and rode home, as I was all in. Those deer were a blessing to our family. Robison and Smith got nothing.

This deer hunt proved an index to my hunting life. I gained the reputation of being the most successful deer hunter in the state. I hunted for market three seasons. I have gone out with horse, saddle, gun and a piece of rope about eight feet long and come back with seven deer. I only had two elk hunts. The first time I did not see an elk, but the next time I killed nine. I had several thrilling bear hunts. At one time I was standing on a trail on the side of a steep mountain. A bear was coming up the trail. I only had two cartridges. I shot both, only breaking one foot. He came on up the trail. I laid the gun down and picked up

two cobble rocks about the size of baseballs. I planted my feet solid and when he was about eight feet away I threw full force, hit him above one eye, fractured his skull and he rolled down the hill, quivered and died. In those days I could throw like a shot.

At another time in late November, three grizzly bears kept me and two other fellows up a tree until two o'clock in the morning. We nearly froze to death.

For years Salt Lake and Chicago sportsmen came to our ranch for two weeks' hunting. We had some great times.

There were two Taggart boys from Morgan that would often go with us on our hunts. One had a fiddle, the other a banjo. In the evening after we had eaten a good supper and were rested, those two boys would start up a real old-time jig. Well, you would think bedlam was turned loose; some would dance on the floor and some would jump on the table. Talk about a real hoedown. There is when we would have the fun.

Hunters came to the ranch for 20 years. Some from Morgan, some from Salt Lake, others from Chicago. During all that time we did not have one accident owing to some rules. Every time new hunters came I would tell them they must abide by certain rules. One was they must posi-

tively not shoot at any object unless they knew what it was. Another was they must not come in the tent or house with any cartridges in their magazines. In the morning they must step outside to fill their guns; another was they must not carry their guns cocked under any condition. Another rule was when two or more men were standing together, if any one wanted to shoot at any object they must step three steps away from the others.

Those rules were a protection for all. We only allowed one man to do the swearing for the camp.

When new hunters came it was up to me to see they got a deer. I sure had some time. Some could shoot pretty good, others did well if they could hit the side of a mountain.

Some of those Salt Lake City hunters brought with them rubber bed ticks. On going to bed they would blow them up and make their beds upon the rocks, saying they could sleep well upon rocks. In the night someone went to their bed and with his pocket knife plugged a hole into the rubber, letting them down upon the rocks.

Other hunters from Chicago brought with them large cloth sacks with draw-strings in the top. They would get into these sacks, then tie the top. This was done to protect them (as they said) from snakes and lizards, but during the night they

got into an argument, then into a fight; when this was over not a piece of their sleeping sacks were left.

Some of the boys brought a Kodak and would, unaware to the other fellow, take snap shots, catching them many times with their pants down and in nude condition. At the week end these pictures would be developed, at which even the worst pessimist was made to laugh. In all this fun-making he who laughed first was laughed at last. The first was last and the last first.

The Chicago people paid my fare to Chicago and back and showed me a wonderfully good time for three weeks.

In my boyhood days I had a high sense of right. I never took any delight or pleasure in sin or smutty stories or talk. I refrained from bad habits and lived a good life. But I do not want anyone to think that I was an angel, for I was a boy like many other boys and did many little foolish things. When I was ten years old a desire came to me to pray, and from that day to the present, each day I found time to pray to my Father in heaven which has been a great support to me in life.

When the time came for me to think of marriage, a brother of mine was married in March, the same year he was called to the Muddy Mission. On the way he was stricken with pneumonia and

died in St. George. His young wife came back to Morgan. She became attached to me and was very affectionate. But I did not want to marry her unless I had a wife of my own for eternity. There were several girls who would have said yes, but I had to find one that was willing to join me in a three-horse team. I succeeded in finding one of the most noble girls that ever walked on the earth in Martha A. Stevens.

When the time came to ask her father, he had moved way up Chalk Creek. I hooked up a team early and drove forty miles. I came to the house about dark. I expected to ask for the girl that night but her father kept talking about Jos. Smith and telling stories until late. I could not get a chance to break in. Just before bed time he told of a deer hunt. He said there was a round mountain near Nauvoo and he took his gun and went up the mountain. When half way up he came to a deer trail. The track led on a level, not up or down. He followed it around the mountain and came to the same place where he started from. The second time he followed it to the starting point. The third time the track led the same way. He concluded not to go farther, so he went to a tree and struck the barrel of his gun around the tree and bent the barrel, took aim along the trail and fired. He said the bullet went around the mountain three times before it caught the deer.

I wondered whether he expected me to make three trips before I got my dear. I had to go to bed somewhat disappointed.

The next morning I knew I must get back to the ranch. Her father took two milk buckets and started for the cow corral. I followed him, and when he took hold of the pole to open the bars I held the pole, and told him I must have a minute of his time. I will not tell you what I said to him, but he seemed to know what I wanted.

He looked at me for a minute and said, "My boy, I can trust my girl with a boy that can dress a mutton as neat and quick as I saw you dress one up Echo Canyon a year ago."

After breakfast, I started down the canyon with the girl, and with a light heart.

Sarah, my brother's wife, also was a very fine woman. I took those two girls with a team and wagon to Salt Lake, to the endowment house. We all three knelt together by the Holy Altar.

Two dollars was all the money I had. I paid that for our marriage, it being one dollar for each wife. We came back to Morgan with a determination to make a success of life. Martha had no betstead and for three months we slept on a straw tick on the floor. But, believe me, we were as happy as we could be. The pioneers all slept on straw beds. Sarah had a nice log house we built for her soon after she came back from St. George.

The first summer I moved Martha to the ranch. The next winter we fixed up my brother George's work shop to live in. The following three winters we lived upstairs in an unplastered room in George's house. The women changed off each summer in going to the ranch. We all worked very hard milking cows, making and shipping butter, building fences and ditches, also putting up hay and riding after the cattle that we summered for other people. Many days I have rode sixteen hours. Those days money was very scarce. The first silver dollar I saw looked as large as a wagon wheel.

We did everything to get money to buy children's clothes, as they came along pretty fast when we were married. In ten years we had twelve children. I would set traps for beaver, mink and foxes, after working hours, and make what I could in that way. The wife at the ranch would make butter, the one at Morgan would make clothes for all the family, as we did not buy clothes ready made.

During all our struggles and hard work we were happier than people are nowadays.

For twenty-five years part of the family lived at the ranch. We raised our children on fine butter and milk, fish and wild meat. If any of our children were sick or got hurt, we depended on the Lord for help. We had many faith-promoting in-

cidents happen in our family of which I will only mention one or two.

In the eighties, when the crusade was on, I was arrested for having two wives. I was taken to Ogden for trial. I gave bonds to appear in court at the next term which was six months ahead. At that time I appeared in court for trial. The judge called the case when the government witnesses were to be present, but the clerk had failed to notify them, so the judge said this case will be postponed for six months.

At the end of that time the witnesses had been summoned and it looked as though I must sure go to prison. The folks put some underclothes and other things in a suit case and I partly bid farewell to my family for six months (and yet I felt as though something might intervene so I would not go to jail). I took the early train for Ogden and when the court was called the witnesses were all there. The judge ordered the clerk to call my case from the docket. He went down the page and my case was not on the docket. The judge seemed to be vexed, and the attorney told the court that all was ready for trial, why not go on? But the Judge said the case is off for six months longer.

I returned to Morgan two hours after dark. When the train pulled up to the depot I looked out of the window and saw four of my little black-eyed boys on the platform. I heard them say, "There's

pa." I took them a few steps away from the crowd and asked them why they had come out so late at night. They said, "Pa, we fasted and prayed all day and we knew you would come back." They said they had prayed each time I went to court and they knew the Lord had heard their prayers and He would not allow them to lock me up in prison. (The case was so real that I could not help shedding tears.)

And sure enough before the six months were ended the Manifesto was issued, and I did not go to jail at all.

This may seem a simple little story, but we do know that it was the prayer and faith of those little children with the Lord's blessing that caused the judge to postpone the trial each time.

At one time in Hanmer's life, he accidentally had a pitchfork run in his lungs. I was away, and was about twenty minutes reaching him. When I did come in the house, he was sitting in a chair holding the bottom of it with both hands, struggling for his breath. His face was blue, water was dripping from his hair. There was an Ogden doctor in town. He and our local doctor were sent for as soon as possible. When they came they made an examination, then said they would be frank with us, and tell us that no power on earth could save the boy's life five hours. His oldest sister stood by. She said, "He can live," and went up stairs to pray

for him. My two brothers were present. I said to them, in the presence of the doctors, "You stay with us and we will show the doctor that he can live."

The doctor had said that there was a bowl of blood at the bottom of his lungs.

When the doctor left I sent over for father and four of us put our hands on him and asked God to save his life. Before we took our hands off of him, he released his hold on the chair (as up to that time he was fighting to get his breath; he could only hicough) and began to breath natural. We put him to bed. He soon went to sleep and slept all night and got up next morning and went to school. Never had any bad effects from the wound.

The Ogden doctor was so sure that the boy would die, that he had it announced in the morning paper that D. Heiner had lost a boy by having a pitchfork run in his lungs.

Here I want to say that we tried to live the Gospel at the ranch as well as at any other place. We kept the sabbath, attended prayers, kept the Word of Wisdom, paid our tithing and lived as near right as we could. We never turned a hungry man from our door. Our latch string was always out.

We never locked our door. I often said to the folks, that if any one packed us off, when daylight came, and they took a good look at us, they would

bring us back. We never set hot drinks on the table for our family, as I always took the stand that when the Lord said hot drink was not good, He meant all hot drinks, including hot water. I attribute the good health of our large family to our mode of living. We always set a good table and my folks never had to wonder where the next meal was coming from.

Although there were two mothers we always had a happy home. Strife and trouble had no place at our home. I believe we made a success of living the Celestial law of marriage, as well as any one in the Church. I am thankful for the experiences we had in living in that order of marriage. My dear wives. God bless them forever for the noble way they took their part.

I hope the children will ever honor their mothers for living that Celestial law of marriage, and that none will ever be heard ridiculing that law, for it is a divine law and it is a dangerous thing for anyone to speak evil about it. It makes men and women bigger and better.

Politically I am a thorough natural Republican. I believe I have done as much as any ten men in establishing the Republican party in Morgan County. I never cared for political office, although I was mayor of Morgan City for two years, and I believe I did more to put Morgan on

the map than any other mayor. That may sound strong, but ask the people. I was also elected Republican Representative to the first State Legislature in 1896, which honor I am proud of. The Lord blessed me, so that I was able to gain the respect and esteem of all the members of the Legislature and all the State officers from governor down. They presented me with an autograph album, with all their signatures. The Salt Lake Tribune was not friendly to our people at that time. They said of me that I was a worthy representative, an indispensable committee worker, and that my vote was always on the right side of the bill.

There were many interesting incidents happened of which I will mention only one. There was a representative from Salt Lake who was very bitter toward our people. He wanted to enact the Edmonds-Tucker law. He framed a bill and made a canvas of the members and succeeded in getting twenty-two out of forty-three to vote for the bill. He got permission to call a night session on the sly. I happened to hear of it, so I attended.

There were only twenty-three members present when the bill came up for a vote. I was the only one to vote against it. The next morning a man came to me and said I was wanted in a certain room. When I entered I was met by John Henry Smith. He put his arms around me and said, "You

voted against that bill, last night. God bless you, Brother Heiner, we have crawled in the dust long enough. We cannot afford to have such bills passed." And asked me to go to the Senate room and use my influence to kill the bill, which I did. But I want to say for the Senate, the bill had no ghost of a chance with that body of men.

In 1898, the Governor appointed me as road commissioner in Morgan County, to build roads and bridges, with money that was appropriated by the State. I built a new road below Mountain Green nearly all the way to Devil's Gate. I moved the road at several places up the canyon and built the new road through the narrows. I built the bridge at Devil's Gate, also at Morgan.

I bought and sold thousands of cattle. I spent thousands of dollars of money of Whitney and Chambers, of Evanston, Wyoming, buying cattle for them. I was manager for the Echo Land and Live Stock Company for fifteen years. I have handled a lot of money in my time and I am proud to say I never was accused of using one dollar unlawfully, or of writing a check that was not honored. I trust this will be a lesson to all my descendants—that it pays to be strictly honest.

I have tried to deal honestly with all men and women. While at the ranch there were many opportunities to do wrong. When we were branding

cattle I often told the men to be very careful to know what they were branding. I often told them that I would rather lose ten head of cattle than to have them brand one calf that did not belong to us. When any cattle came to our ranch I always tried to find the owner. I will mention one incident. A young cow belonging to Judge Asper came to the ranch and soon after had a calf. I sent word to him a number of times, and he promised to get her but failed. The cow stayed over two years and raised three calves. When he came to get her I turned four head over to him instead of one. He said to me, "Brother Heiner, very few men in this world would do what you have done."

There are three things they say goes with ranching. They are: swearing, smoking and drinking. No man ever saw me do either one. I have tried to live a straight and upright life toward all men and my conscience is clear. I never spent one hour in a saloon or pool room.

I have had many severe trials. Had it not been for the faith I had in God and in prayer, I may have given up. Prayer has been my strong hold. There are not many high mountains or deep canyons within ten miles of our old ranch that I have not knelt down on in humble prayer.

I was president of the First National Bank of Morgan for sixteen years. During the war time

many small banks failed. Our bank stood the test during the sixteen years. We doubled our surplus, enlarged the bank building, costing nearly \$5000, paid all our dividends but two, which was better than most of the banks did.

I have had some narrow escapes from death. My Patriarchal blessing said the Lord had his eye on me, and had a work for me to do; that if I were faithful, would exalt me in the kingdom of heaven. The next paragraph said that Satan also had his eye on me, and would do all in his power to destroy my life. I will mention one or two of many incidents.

One day, while at the ranch, I started up the canyon with team and wagon to get a load of wood. When up about two miles I saw a large herd of cattle coming out of the canyon onto some hay meadows. I wanted to stop them before they got on the hay. I moved up onto the tongue of the wagon, back of the doubletrees, and started the horses on a pretty fast run. Soon the coupling pin came out and the reach flew over and struck the horses, causing them to run faster than ever, forcing me under the ax, between the hounds of the tongue and the bolster nearly on the ground. I held to the lines and called to the horses and soon got them stopped, but I was wedged in so tight, and full of pain, I could not extricate myself, and

it seemed I must perish. Then is when I asked God for help. Soon the horses made a quick move ahead and I was loosed. After rubbing my legs to ease the pain, I started back to get the other part of the wagon which had run into a hollow. I turned the team and wrapped the lines around the front wheel and tried to couple the wagon. The horses backed, pulling up on the lines, with the horses rairing up, caught me between suabar and hind hounds as tight as a vise, almost breaking my thighs. Once more I asked for help. When I was loosed I tied one horse to the wagon, unharnessed the other and rode after the cattle. They were all over the meadow. In running back and forth the horse fell in a badger hole. The horse struck on his head and I struck on mine farther on. I lay there in the hot sun unconscious from eleven o'clock to about four in the afternoon. When I woke up the horse was on the side hill eating.

I decided that if the Lord would help me home I would call it enough for one day. When I got home Martha said, "Whatever has been wrong today?" She said she had never spent such an awful day before and that the canyon looked as black as ink all day.

Horses have fallen and rolled over me many times. Henry Eddington rode with me often. One day my horse fell on me. He rode up to me and

said, "Well Dan, I did not think you would ever get up again." He said, "that is the second time I thought you were dead."

I could mention many other incidents. At one time I was in a corral with a bunch of wild cattle. They were on one side, I on the other. I was pushing at a post to line it up, with my back to the cattle, when a vicious cow ran across the corral full force. When she got within four feet of me, some unseen power stopped her dead still. Mud splashed over me as her feet slid up to me.

In speaking of guardian angels, I believe we are often protected from danger and death by our guardian angel, and we do not always give them credit.

At one time, Anthony and I started for Salaratus Creek in late November. We had never been there before. We thought it was twenty miles, but it was forty. There was about six inches of snow and a very cold day. We were chilled, and night came on, and all there was to burn was some tall bunches of wheat grass. We would light them above the snow and they would burn for about one minute. We got what warmth we could. Soon we got to where there was no tall grass. We kept going, guided by certain stars. It seemed we would freeze to death. At last we saw a light which cheered us some, and we kept going, but it seemed we

would never reach the light. Near midnight, we came to a small ranch house. I got off my horse, knocked at the door, and Brother and Sister Jensen came to the door. I told them who we were and how we came to be so late.

Sister Jensen said to her husband, "Now I know why we put that candle in the window, and stayed up so late, something we had not done before." They bade us welcome and I have always felt that our guardian angel saved our lives that night. Never since then have I wanted to see our blinds pulled down at night.

Religiously, I have given service to our church as Sunday School teacher, as Sunday School Superintendent and Assistant Stake Superintendent for a number of years. I was president of the M. I. A. for ten years in our ward, served as High Councilor for several years. The 16th of September, 1900, I was set apart as President of Morgan Stake and served for nearly twenty-four years.

In 1923 Martha's health began to fail. It was a burden for her to care for the brethren at our conference times. She asked me to release her of that care. I wrote President Grant in this way. I told him how old I was and how long I had been president and said to him I did not want to be call-

ed a quitter, but thought it would be the part of wisdom if I were released while I was yet active, instead of waiting until I was down and out. I did not hear anything for nine months, but I was finally released and felt fine about it.

I tried to give good service in all the church positions I held. I here will insert a testimonial gotten up by the stake officers at my release.

#### TESTIMONIAL TO PRESIDENT DANIEL HEINER AND HIS COUNSELORS

The resignation of President Heiner and the presence of the visiting apostle prompt us, the undersigned High Councilmen, Bishoprics, Quorum Heads and Stake Board workers, speaking in behalf of the members of the Morgan Stake, to take this opportunity of expressing our deep appreciation for the splendid leadership furnished us by these beloved brethren. We testify to the worthiness of their lives and their devotion to duty.

Having worked with President Daniel Heiner and his counselors, Wm. H. Rich and W. W. Francis, we have learned to love them as men of God, devoted to their high callings. We deeply regret that circumstances have made it necessary for them to rest from their arduous tasks as shepherds of this people. We pray that the Almighty Father may deal kindly with them during the remainder of their lives, that the span of existence yet allotted to them may be filled with the satisfaction that comes to those who have dedicated their lives to God's service.

We revere these brethren not only for their clean and honorable living, but also for their ability and willingness to share with us all things; and for their ability to overcome all obstacles cheerfully. Being called to the Stake Presidency some twenty-three years ago, on September sixteenth, nineteen hundred, they found conditions much different to those obtaining at the present time. Tithing was paid in kind and consequently the Stake House grounds were then occupied by hay sheds, corrals and granaries. There was no fence in front of the property, no trees, no lawns; the house itself was warmed by two stoves, homemade benches and planks served as seats; the walls had never been papered and there was no stand built as we see today, the house having been burned just prior to the incoming of President Heiner and rebuilt by donation labor.

In spite of the recent drain upon the people, within fifteen months after the brethren took office the grounds were cleared, trees and lawn planted, fences built and portico added to the front of the building, the walls papered, benches and planks replaced by opera chairs, the floors raised on sides and ends, a stand built and a furnace installed; this at a total expense of over four thousand dollars raised locally, the church not being called upon for any aid whatever. Of recent date, an up-to-date office building has been erected on the grounds and concrete walks, approaches and fence have been constructed in front of the building.

Since September sixteenth, nineteen hundred, when these brethren were called to leadership, over one hundred missionaries have gone into the world from this stake and every one returned home after filling an honorable mission.

There has not been a High Council trial in the stake during the past twenty years. The various organizations in the stake are in good condition, and the moral standards maintained by the church membership are high as compared with those of any other people.

The members of the Stake Presidency have always taken an active part in all civic as well as religious affairs. They have been progressive and have given their time to the State, County, City, School, etc, as well as to the Church, and have ever been among the most active in developing and maintaining home industries.

Taking a keen interest in games and sports, they have been able to win the confidence of our young people and thus have been able to direct them in these activities. The fact that there has never been a game of baseball in Morgan City on the Sabbath Day during the past twenty years testifies to their influence for good with our young people.

These brethren have served the people well during the period of their labors. We respect, honor and love them for the splendid things they have done. It is with a feeling of full confidence in their leadership that we reluctantly let them step aside for others to relieve their shoulders of some of the burdens which are beginning to seem heavy.

May the two members of the stake presidency who are still with us rejoice in the knowledge of work well done and of an appreciative and sympathetic people, and may the dear ones of President Wm. H. Rich feel lifted up in knowing of the good works of their father.

The above testimonial was read in general session of the Morgan Stake Quarterly Conference, December

9, 1923, and upon motion was unanimously endorsed as the sentiment of all present.

High Council	Bishops	
F. W. Clark	Jas. A. Anderson	David Robison
Jas. R. Rawle	C. Calvin Geary	Chas. C. Smith
Anthony Heiner	H. K. Porter	Wm. Chadwick
Wm. H. Dickson	John Rose	Wm. Smith
A. O. Durrant	Jos. F. Spendlove	Geo. Kershaw
M. Howard Randall	James Carrigan	Horace Heiner
Jos. T. Waldron	Alonzo Parish	Lawrence Clark
Albert Rich	E. D. Brimley	Archie Smith
A. W. Francis	Melvin J. Toone	
Geo. Brough		Organization Heads
S. S. Florence		
Wm. Giles		Mary Chadwick
E. H. Anderson	Quorum Heads	
Francis Bingham	Alfred M. Croft	M. Howard Randall
Alonzo Francis	L. O. Durrant	Geo. Brough
H. B. Crouch	Geo. Taggart	Lilly Clark
Geo. S. Heiner	John Heiner	Eliza Hopkin
	John H. Dickson	Alonzo Francis
	Jesse C. Little	DeLore Nichols
	R. R. Fry	Annie Dickson
		Daisy Crouch

# CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS

HEBER J. GRANT, *President*

Salt Lake City, Utah

December 22, 1923.

*President Daniel Heiner,*

*Morgan, Utah.*

MY DEAR BROTHER HEINER: I am sending you a couple of books for yourself and good wives, as a Christmas' and New Year's greeting.

Permit me to assure you, Brother Heiner, that from the first time I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with you, now about forty years ago, when I

was the Junior Apostle of the Church, until the present time, that you have had my love and confidence. I have admired your absolute integrity to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the most excellent union of your large family, and the splendid example of integrity and devotion to the work of the Lord which you have always set for your wives and children.

May peace, prosperity, and happiness be your portion during your declining years, and may there be an eternity of joy in store for you and all of your loved ones in the life to come, is my sincere and earnest prayer.

Accept, Brother Heiner, my assurance of deep appreciation for the splendid service which you have rendered to the good people of Morgan during the time you have presided over the Morgan Stake of Zion.

Sincerely your friend and brother,

HEBER J. GRANT.

I am proud and thankful for the confidence and good will shown me by all of the people, also by the general authorities. The Lord was good to me and blessed me with inspiration when in need.

In December, 1923, I was ordained a Patriarch in the church.

During the world war, although I was a full German, I was appointed by the U. S. Government as chairman of the Council of Defense, chairman of the three liberty bond drives, and food administrator for Morgan County.

I sent five boys on foreign missions at a cost of about \$6,000.

I sent a number of children to college which cost over \$5,000.

I have paid over \$8,000 in tithing.

I sent one boy to the Phillipine Islands in the Spanish American war; also sent two boys to the world war, which all cost money.

When the war was over I was released with high honors.

I hope that those who read this sketch will not think that I am trying to blow my own horn. Not so, for I have written it with humility, trusting that it will be an incentive to those that read it to live better lives. I have only mentioned a few of the many incidents in my life.

Just a word here about our Golden Wedding.

In June, 1923, we celebrated our Golden Wedding at Como Springs. Nearly one thousand people were present. We had a time never to be forgotten, and all went off like clock work.

The Church sent a representative, the Union Pacific Railroad Company also sent one of their high officials, and both took part on the program. To say we had a glorious time just puts it mild.

In memory of our dear Jas. A. Anderson, I here inclose a poem written by him and read at the services.

## OUR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY THOUGHTS

It's fifty years ago today  
That a gay and handsome man  
Formed a lover's trio—  
Martha, Sarah and Dan.

He courted these two ladies,  
And strange as it may seem,  
He loved them both, they both loved him,  
Like a perfect lovers' dream.

We must admit that Dan was brave,  
Life's battle to begin  
With odds against him, two to one,  
And yet, expect to win.

A wise and prudent diplomat,  
He proved himself to be,  
He made these odds his allies  
And joined in one the three.

No human foe or nature's force  
Need offer their defiance  
To such a bond of loyal love,  
And cupid's triple alliance.

To make the romance more unique  
And conquer life's great battle.  
They made a home among the hills,  
The wild deer and the cattle.

In Echo canyon's verdant glens  
Of down meads and grassy dells,  
Bedecked with crystal mountain streams,  
All nature's beauty, there excels.

This fertile, choice, romantic spot  
Was their recruiting station,  
And none but Dan could check the growth  
That bordered on inflation.

But he, as wise as Israel's King,  
In the story of Jacob told,  
Twelve sons were raised to take the reins,  
As Dan was growing old.

And now that fifty years have passed  
Since the glorious wedding day,  
Kings and queens would give their thrones,  
For the tribute we here pay.

Descendants, honored by the name,  
Are the greatest gift of God to man,  
And we in love and reverence bow  
To our wonderful Martha, Sarah, and Dan.

JAMES A. ANDERSON

I am truly thankful for the Lord's goodness to our large family, all living, all married and with families. I am indeed proud of my children and grand-children. No man living has a finer lot of grand-children than I have. I honor and love them for the respect and love they have shown to me.

I have been writing a Christmas letter for a number of years. I will here insert a copy of one.

## CHRISTMAS LETTER

December 25, 1925.

*Dear Children:*

It seems you are so scattered that I do not have an opportunity to talk to you as I should about the Gospel.

I have tried to live a righteous life. I was true to your mothers and I lived a clean, virtuous life and tried to be true to all of you children, and to my parents and my sacred covenants. I have tried to be honest with all men. I have never shirked a duty or responsibility.

I have been tempted and tried until it seemed my heart would burst. I have got up out of bed at night and went down to the river and walked up and down the banks waiting for daylight, in sorrow and grief; not for wrongs that I have done, but for troubles brought on by others. I have been through the Garden of Gethsemane. But I feel that all were blessings in disguise.

I mention these things so if sore trials come to you that you will stand firm.

I have tried to set a good example for all the children to follow, and I hope to leave you an honorable, good name. I am thankful so far that the name of Heiner is well spoken of wherever it is known, and I do hope that none of the children will ever bring disgrace to our name.

Dear children, I have set a high aim. I want to live so I will be worthy of an exaltation in the Celestial Kingdom of Heaven and have the full approval of our Lord and Saviour.

And Oh, how anxious I am that all our family will live so we can all meet and praise God for His goodness.

In order to get these blessings of eternal life each of us must have a living testimony of the Gospel. I

cannot give it to you nor you to me. We must do as the Saviour said, "Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it will be opened," but this must be done in humble prayer and with faith unwavering.

When I was a young man Father and Mother taught me the gospel, but I did not have a living testimony of its truth. I was in doubt about the Book of Mormon being divine. Father told me the promise Moroni had made in the last chapter, that if any one would read the book with prayerful heart they should know that it was a divine record.

I decided to read it. I was at the ranch at the time. I went to a grove of trees back of the house, knelt down and told the Lord I was going to read the Book of Mormon, and asked Him that if it was true to make it known to me. Every spare moment I was reading. Before I got half way through the book an inspiration came to me of its truth. From that day to this I have never doubted the truth of the Gospel.

I want to testify to all my family that I do know of a surety that God lives, that Jesus Christ is His son and the Redeemer of the world and His Father's children.

I do know that we will live again to be rewarded according to our merits (Alma, Chapters 40-41), and that the Gospel is worth more than the wealth of the world.

I hope you will read this letter with a humble spirit, and have your children read it, and I trust it will be an inspiration to all of you to be true to the faith.

I do pray that when you meet me in the spirit world you will not have occasion to say, "Father, when we were in mortal life you had the light; you could see.

I was blind and in the dark. You did not take me by the hand and lead the way out of the dark."

Your mothers are two of the best women that ever lived. They helped me to live a better life. They join me in this appeal to you. We hope you will understand the spirit in which this was written, and make it part of your life.

Our family has been greatly blessed, twenty children with healthy bodies, all living; one hundred and seventeen grand-children and eighteen great-grand-children.

I am proud of our family and I make an earnest appeal to you to cultivate a family patriotism, a family pride and a family interest in each other.

Fill your hearts with love and charity for one another. Get in touch with each other by keeping up a family love and friendship. We can be a great power for good. On the other hand if we lose interest in each other our family will slip and we will lose a great opportunity in our lives. Our family should meet once a year.

My humble prayer is that God will be merciful and kind to all of us.

Wishing you all very, very happy Christmas holidays, I am

Your anxious father,

DANIEL HEINER.

In a financial way, I want to say when we first got interested in the ranch I thought that would be fine for our large family. We all worked very hard thinking we would always have the ranch.

We were doing pretty well making our land payments and a good living, but we did not let well enough alone. We joined these ranches together and things did not go so well. In a few years we were almost compelled to sell, which was a hard trial for me. I had a large family and a small farm. I knew I must look for some other way out of the woods.

Moroni had got interested in some coal land in Emery County. I went down there four or five times and climbed over the high mountains following coal measures and survey lines while my neighbors were sitting by the fire warming their shins. I succeeded in getting twelve of my children located on coal claims, which are now known as the Black Hawk coal mine, about the best coal mine in the State. But when it came to paying the government for the land, which was \$63,000.00 we had to let David Eccles have control of the stock to get the money. Again we had to sell against our will, but each time I believe the sales were a blessing in disguise, as our family received about \$90,000.00 in cash from the coal deal. Cattle would not have made that much in twenty years.

I have had a lot of faith in some lead and silver property that we have in Cottonwood, in Morgan County. It seems fate has been against us in trying to get it in a paying condition. I feel

confident there is a big mine there and believe it will soon be proven that I am not mistaken.

All thru my life my mind has always been active in many ways. From the time I was a boy I could not content myself by killing time. If I went fishing I could not sit by a fishing hole for hours as I see some men do. If I could not get a bite within fifteen or twenty minutes, I moved on. When I was riding horses over the country I would notice the kind of grass, brush, or timber that I was going thru. If I passed a grove of timber, I would figure out mentally how much lumber could be sawed out of the grove, by guessing how many acres in the grove, how many trees to the square rod and how much lumber could be cut out of an average sized tree. If I was riding along a ridge, I would often guess the distance to some object ahead of me, and get off the horse and step the distance to see how near I had guessed. In that way I learned to guess distance so I had the advantage of all hunters that came to our ranch. I can guess distance with any engineer today.

After a day's ride, I could always tell how many cattle I saw and where. Some men will ride all day, dead to the world, not knowing whether they saw fifty cattle or five hundred.

I believe young people should train themselves to go through the world wide awake, and get all they can out of life.

BELOW ARE TEN MOTTOES I WISH TO COMMEND  
TO YOUR THINKING

My Dear Croakers: Here is a motto for you:

1. There is no excellence without labor.  
—*Solomon*.
2. The darkest hour of a man's life is when he sits down to plan how to get money without earning it.
3. It is following the path of least resistance that makes rivers and men crooked.
4. "By the sweat of thy brow thou shall earn thy bread." It is unfortunate that men have been taught to regard this divine proclamation a curse, when in reality it is the foremost blessing of creation.
5. The wages of sin is death—*Paul*.
6. The way of righteousness is life and in the pathway thereof there is no death.—*Solomon*.
7. Silence is a great peace maker.—*Longfellow*.
8. After all perhaps it is better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt—*Elbert Hubbard*.
9. You can tell the kind of wheels a man has in his head by the spokes that come out of his mouth.
10. All things come to him who hustles while he waits.—*Thos. A. Edison*.

## NOW DEAR CHILDREN A WORD TO YOU:

I have lived a clean life. I was true to your mothers. I have tried to be true to all of my family. I have had no pets. You are all there is to live for. I only wish I could do more for you in a financial way. I hope yet to be able to do something for you. Father said to me before he died, he was sorry he could not do more for his children but he said he would leave us a good name which was better than money. I feel that I am leaving you all a good name. I hope you will all honor the Heiner name. Our name is well spoken of wherever it is known.

I have tried to be true to the covenants I made in the Temple and to every trust that has been placed on me.

I have tried to learn what the Gospel is and what life means. The Lord has been kind to me and has made many things plain to me. When I was president of the Stake, when different problems came up I was always shown the way out. I make a strong appeal to all of my descendants to learn the Gospel.

It will teach you that God is a personal being, that He is the father of our spirits, that He controls the universe. Also that Jesus is the Christ, His son and our redeemer, that He died and broke the bands of death that we might live again. It

will teach you that we lived before we came on this earth. That we had our free agency and took part in the affairs pertaining to our spiritual beings. Also that when your spirit leaves your body it will go back to the spirit world where it will be active and take part under organized authority to work for the redemption of the souls of men and to prepare yourselves and kindred for the resurrection, so you can enter the Celestial Kingdom of Heaven. Also that you will be rewarded for all the good you have done in this life, and where you have failed you must make things right, either in this life or in the spirit world if you expect to inherit Celestial Glory.

The Gospel will teach you that the Book of Mormon in a divine record and was written by some of the best men that ever lived, and that it contains the pure gospel. Also that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God, that he was chosen before he was born to stand at the head of this last dispensation. It will teach you that in the spirit world you knew that it was necessary for you to have a mortal body, that you sang for joy when the earth was made, so you could come and have a mortal body and prepare for a Celestial life which is worth more than the riches of this world. Also that Christ will come to earth and that His coming is not far off.

I have had the weakness of the flesh to contend with. I have fought a battle of life. At times things have looked pretty dark, but when things have looked the darkest some power has come to my rescue. When the final accounting comes it will not be so much the prizes I have won that will count, but the knocks and bruises I have had.

When sorrows have come to me I have often thought of these verses:

God would not send you the darkness, dear,  
If He felt you could bear the light,  
But you would not cling to his guiding hand  
If the way were always bright.  
And you would not care to walk by faith  
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish,  
For your sorrowful heart to bear;  
Many a cruel thorn-crown  
For your tired head to wear.  
He knows how few would reach heaven at all  
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness  
And the furnace of sevenfold heat,  
'Tis the only way, believe me,  
To keep you close to His feet.  
For 'tis always so easy to wander,  
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's  
And sing if you can as you go,  
For song may cheer some one behind you  
Whose courage is sinking low;  
And, well, if your lips do quiver—  
God will love you better so.

Life is a short span between two eternities, but it means so much to me. My life hereafter depends on how I lived this earth life. If I wasted my time, when I go to the spirit world, my earth life will be before me as an open book. It will be my accuser. I want to balance my account here, and not take debts over there to pay off with interest.

It is only right that I should name some of the things I am thankful for. To begin with I want to say I am very thankful for the privilege of living in this day, the most wonderful day the world has even seen.

I am thankful to be numbered with the house of Isreal; am thankful to live in this land of America, the choice land of the earth, under an inspired constitution. Am thankful to live in the mountains spoken of by the holy prophets and being a member of God's Church, established here, and of being born of goodly parents and for the splendid wives given to me; also for such a large family of good children and such a wonderful lot of fine grand and great-grandchildren.

When I think of these many blessings I almost feel ashamed to think I ever allow myself to become discouraged or blue.

My life has been saved many times by the Lord's goodness, for which I am indeed grateful.

Let us be united and cultivate a family love. When anyone is in sorrow or trouble, let's go to their aid.

Dear children, in all sincerity, I want to say to you that I do know that God lives, that Jesus Christ is His Son and our Savior. That the Gospel plan of salvation was known in the heavens before the earth was made, so let me say to you, "Be not deceived, for God will not be mocked." What time is allotted to me here, I want to be of service to you and ask you to make things as pleasant for me as you can so that life will be worth while.

When I am called home, I hope to be worthy to meet your dear Mothers with open arms and as Christ said to His Apostles, "I go to prepare a place for you", so I say, with your Mothers, I hope to prepare a place for you.

"LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN ON YOUR WRATH."









DATE DUE

MAY 20 1992

APR 09 1992

DEC 18 1991

JAN 05 1992

MAY 05 1992

JUN 01 1992

JUL 15 1992

JUN 24 1992



3 1197 00058 9694

